

TIED OUT.

There's many a farmer's wife sits on the porch in the growing shadows of a summer evening, knowing to the full what it is to feel tired out; as if there was not another ounce of effort left in her. But she knows how tired she will be and how refreshed this morning will find her. That's the tiredness of a healthy woman. But it's another thing for the sick woman to feel tired out. Rest only seems to increase her suffering. Just as in profound silence a discord jars the ear so morosely, so now that she has stopped moving about, this tired woman feels more acutely the aching back and throbbing nerves.

Sick women, thousands of them right here in Kentucky, have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration.

A strong, healthy woman instead of a faded and ailing one! Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? But it isn't. It's only the ordinary, every-day work of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—just the work that it was made for.

It's a woman's medicine, carefully compounded for her by an experienced physician, and adapted to her delicate organism. It makes weak women strong, suffering women well.

Book on Women's Diseases sent free. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free confidential advice. Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a laxative, two or three a cathartic; best for Liver Ills.

HORSEFORD.

There will be Sunday school at the school house the third Sunday in May. Some of the young folks attended the funeral of George Packwood Sunday.

Mrs. B. S. Trimble is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. N. Anderson.

Misses Clara Thompson and Bess Forrester spent Sunday with Miss Frances Skeens.

Mrs. Harry Yates and baby, who have been visiting home folks, expect to leave for Salem, Ohio, soon.

Paul Thompson and Robert Skeens are still fox hunting.

Mrs. Steve Skeens and Mrs. J. L. Moore visited the sick of our community Sunday.

L. D. Boggs was on Horseford Sunday.

Misses Emma Layne and Bertha Hensley, who have had measles, are able to be out again.

Mrs. David Thompson, of Normal, visited on Horseford Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Yates and Roberta and Miss Annie Skeens visited at Fallsburg Thursday.

Ed Salyer of Louisa called on Grace Anderson Sunday.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Milton Holton. MAY APPLE.

OBITUARY.

James H. Hatcher was born March 2, 1829 and died April 23, 1917, aged 79 years, 1 month and 29 days, at his home at Cliff, Floyd-co., Ky. He was married to Mary L. Herford to which union was born 11 children, 10 of whom are living, one having passed away in infancy. He leaves a wife and 10 children and one brother living, 3 sisters and 4 brothers having preceded him to the great beyond. His wife was the daughter of Dr. James H. Herford. Mr. Hatcher was a good husband, a kind father and a good citizen. He had made no religious profession when stricken with what proved to be his last illness. His children believing he would not recover, talked to him concerning his soul welfare, as did also his wife, and with his hand in the hand of his wife, in whom he expressed the greatest confidence, he told her he was prepared to go and had no fear of death. I was very much impressed with the confidence he had in his wife's religion. May other wives so live before their husbands that they may be instrumental in leading them to Christ. He was buried on Sunset Hill, a beautiful eminence near the dwelling where he had spent his many happy years with the wife of his youth and with the children who all testify to his kindness as a father. He left the testimony that he was going to heaven so may those who survive him follow on, and may they compose an unbroken circle around God's throne is the prayer of the writer.

T. H. C.

MT. PLEASANT.

There will be a pie mite at this place next Saturday night, May 6th for the benefit of the singing school. Everybody invited.

Next Sunday, Mr. A. O. Carter of Louisa will address the Sunday school at this place, and Bros. Rowe and Wellman of Fort Gay will preach for him.

Rev. L. M. Copley of Ashland, preached a very interesting sermon at this place Sunday night. He will preach again the second Sunday and Sunday night.

BLACKO

Stomach and Liver Tablets

Guaranteed to cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Bad Complexion, Yellow Jaundice, Clogged or Constipated Bowels, Neuralgia of the Stomach and Nervous Headaches, so common to women. There is more merit in one box of Blacko than all the so-called "women's pills" any woman ever used. This is a good statement and we make it without fear of successful contradiction.

Don't Hesitate. Buy them at our risk. If they are not better, cheaper, more pleasant, if they don't do you more good than all the medicine you ever used, go back to the merchant or druggist from whom you bought them and he will refund to you Double the Retail Price.

BLACKO MEDICINE CO.,
Charleston, W. Va.

night in next month.

Mrs. Sophia Frasier spent the week-end with relatives at Lick creek.

Will Moore of Long Branch is farming with his uncle A. L. Moore at this place.

Mrs. Luke Watkins and children spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Milt Diamond.

Geo. Simpson and niece are visiting relatives at Johns creek this week.

Mrs. John Diale and children spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. Mann at Fallsburg.

Will and Andrew Moore made a business trip to Long Branch Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Simpson and children spent Sunday night with Mrs. Luke Watkins. Lunda Evans of Louisa, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Edgar Peters.

Miss Mattie Blankenship, who is attending the K. K. G. at Louisa spent last week with home folks.

Mrs. H. B. Blankenship is visiting relatives at Denio.

Tom Rice and Myrtle Frasier were married Saturday, April 21st at 12:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Frasier. Only a few intimate friends were present. Rev. M. A. Hay officiated. We wish them a long and happy life.

Remember the pie social Saturday night.

JOB.

L. J. Gerlach was calling up the merchants Tuesday.

John Stafford and wife were visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Castle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spence were visiting home folks Saturday.

Lewis Preston was calling on friends Sunday.

Edgar Castle and family are very happy in their new home on Tag river.

Mrs. Ben Castle made a business trip to Louisa Saturday.

Eliza and Scott Bowen, who have been working for some time at Debus, W. Va., have returned home.

Thomas Fletcher was calling here Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Castle were visiting relatives Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Newsome is very sick at this writing.

Verda Castle spent Sunday last with Miss Alice Smith.

Mrs. Henry Bowen spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Ben Castle.

HONEYBUCKLE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution directed to me, which issued from the Lawrence Circuit Court at its February term, 1917, in favor of the Gilbert Grocery Co. against Nelson Boggs for the sum of \$166.24, with interest from April 21, 1916, until paid, and the costs herein, I or one of my deputies will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in Louisa, Lawrence-co., Ky., about one o'clock p. m., Monday, May 21, 1917, being County Court day, the following tract of land or so much thereof as may be necessary to produce the sum ordered to be paid.

The property to be sold is a tract of land in Dry Fork creek in Lawrence-co., Ky., known as the Nelson Boggs farm and adjoins H. N. Fischer's land on the east and west, and the A. V. Webb farm on the north and west.

Sale will be made on a credit of six and twelve months, bond with approved security being required of the purchaser, having the force and effect of a receipt, and a lien retained on the land to secure payment of the purchase price.

R. A. STONE, S. L. C.
By WM SHANNON, D. C.

CADMUS.

Come one, come all, to Green Valley on Go To Sunday School Day, May 6th and hear the great speakers that are to be there, viz: Rev. W. H. Foglemson, P. C. Louisa, Ky.; Hon. M. S. Burns, lawyer, Louisa, Ky.; Prof. E. P. Kirk, a noted Sunday school man from Kernitt, West Va., and last but not least, Rev. L. P. Kirk, P. C. of Fallsburg circuit will be here. Rev. Adam Hartman, superintendent of McDaniel Sunday school will be here with his school. Rev. Millard Short, Supt. of the Yatesville S. S., will be here with his school. We look for a large crowd and pray for a good time. The speakers will be at Yatesville in the morning and at Green Valley at 2 p. m. God bless our efforts for good.

A. H.

FALLSBURG.

Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30. Everybody come next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Richmond of Inez are expected to visit relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Collinsworth made a business trip down the river last week.

Lizzie Tomlin spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks at Rove creek.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Boggs have moved to Dennis where they will housekeep this summer.

Bert Cooksey, who has had typhoid fever, is improving.

Garland Webb was calling on Frances Skeens Sunday.

Fred Clay was seen on our street again Saturday.

Purl Frasier was out to see his mother at this place Sunday.

Mrs. L. Collinsworth and daughter, Louise made a business trip down the river this week.

Several from here attended Sunday school at Newcomb.

Will Cochran has returned from Chattanooga, W. Va., where he has had employment.

VIOLET.

WEBBVILLE.

Grandma Pennington, as she is familiarly called by everyone, is quite feeble. She has just passed her 90th year.

Mrs. Cecil Pennington has gone to Blaine for a few days visit.

Miss Emma Thompson and mother visited friends in Ashland last week.

Miss Essie Sparks is visiting friends in Ashland and at Glen Springs this week.

The Misses Willa Pennington, Ethel Pennington, Ruth Shepherd, Messrs. Willie Lang and Arleigh Thompson spent the week-end with friends on Cherokee and Blaine.

Joe Hatfield, a nephew of the former Governor of West Va., was here Saturday enroute to Cherokee.

Ena Shepherd and Mr. Johnson of Columbus, were quietly married here April 22.

Mrs. Leonard Lang was visiting in Grayson Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Webb, Sr., went to Branner Gap Sunday to the quarterly meeting.

Rev. A. A. Hollister was here Friday.

Sam Shepherd was a business visitor at Olive Hill Saturday.

C. C. Plannery has resigned from the Revenue service to look after his farm.

Judge Clayton, Fred See, Fred Vinson and Aug. Snyder were here Thursday looking after the roads.

X.

WE ARE THE BEST BUYERS IN EASTERN KENTUCKY ON EGGS

We buy everything in quantity. We buy eggs and old rooster high. 15c lb. for 4 lbs. and under. We go after produce like heroes. We are not going to let names prices on eggs, as the hot weather declines. For next fifteen days we give you gallon of oil for six eggs; 4 lbs. pure lard for 3 doz. eggs; compound lard, 2 lb. for doz. eggs; 50 bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar for 1 doz. yellow tags twist, 7 for doz. Brown Mule Runaway 1 lb.; 10 lbs. 10 leader doz. eggs; 3 1-2 lb. No. 4 sugar at Blaine, Ky., for doz. eggs; wash board doz.; 6 plate brown 75c for 2 doz. eggs; 2 lbs. shoulder meat 1 doz.; 5 lbs. side meat for 3 doz. and 10 eggs. We bought this meat for 10c lb. and got enough to buy all the eggs "old speak" will lay for 20. We like U. S. have been preparing, getting ready for war. One dealer buys eggs at 2c under thinks he gets ahead. He tells everything about more money we make. The big egg fight makes things hum. We are not sure at any dealer. We hope them succeed. We give our customers one barrel of red Rome Beauty apples last week over big egg fight. We have three stores and are the terrapins, one on Canes creek, one on Big Laurel. The fox rouse them up at 2c. We are the top market. The terrapin travels slow and gets as he goes. The fox kidnaps, terrapin travels all night. Two poultry raisers had fine eggs, one had 34 doz., the other 51 1-2 doz. while fox snatched the eggs were bought and that caused all the egg fight.

Every Saturday it takes four teams to haul produce off. We case the eggs as the poultry raiser comes in. We have a large quantity of sugar laid in. Big stock meat arriving daily. We sell cheap. 45 barrels of high patent flour coming in. We started in business nine years ago on \$500 hard earned money. The more dealers fight us the more money we make. The harder they fight us the less they make. We reap a golden harvest. Six years ago a big poultry raiser sold on market to a certain fellow 55 doz. eggs and wanted 40 to mail a letter and was told "Sir, we don't pay anyone a penny in cash for eggs."

We have ten thousand dollars we are going to buy eggs with. We turn the dollar 300 times some years. We sell high grade coffee. We have customers in Boyd county. Take 1 lb. of our high grade coffee and if it isn't worth more than three lbs. some dealers sell, we give you gold dollar. We pay 30c doz. in store and sell you goods 40 per cent cheaper than wholesale on some things.

The old hen cackles, the old rooster crows, and H. Pack pays high for eggs, everybody knows that. No one gets in our way in price of eggs. We quit one job. We have taught the other dealers. It cost them \$500 a word: cost us \$5000.

If this war holds on we will do a big business in buying eggs.

We want to buy country hams 15c cash; 20c in groceries. We buy telephone batteries and junk at \$1.50 per hundred.

Poultry raisers, we are your friends.

We have our teams on road all the time. We hope you live happy, we stand by you and you stand by us. Lay in sugar by 100 lbs. It will soon be berry time. We cut high cost of living down for poor laborers.

We are little people. Sell everything for cash and produce and do not credit one penny. Late fall chicks, three lbs. and under. Big egg fight started last Saturday, April 21 and will last 30 days. Welcome all and everybody.

Big Blaine Produce Co.

H. J. Pack, Manager and Buyer.

Ballard Spears has been appointed postmaster at Owsley, Pike-co.

KEPT HER AWAKE

The Terrible Pains in Back and Sides. Cardui Gave Relief.

Marksville, La.—Mrs. Alice Johnson, of this place, writes: "For one year I suffered with an awful misery in my back and sides. My left side was hurting me all the time. The misery was something awful.

I could not do anything, not even sleep at night. I took different medicines, but nothing did me any good or relieved me until I took Cardui.

I was not able to do any of my work for one year and I got worse all the time, was confined to my bed off and on. I got so bad with my back that when I stooped down I was not able to straighten up again. I decided I would try Cardui.

By time I had taken the entire bottle I was feeling pretty good and could straighten up and my pains were nearly all gone.

I shall always praise Cardui. I continued taking it until I was strong and well." If you suffer from pains due to female complaints, Cardui may be just what you need. Thousands of women who once suffered in this way now praise Cardui for their present good health. Give it a trial.

NC-133

The Ragged Boy

An Easter Story

By ETHEL HOLMES

One Easter Sunday morning a girl about twelve years old walked forth from a pick and span farmhouse to go to Sunday school. On the way she overtook a boy about her own age whose forlorn appearance touched her heart. He was out at the elbows, and his toes appeared between the upper part of his shoes and the soles. The expression on his face was in accord with his apparel—it was one of misery.

"Aren't you going to Sunday school?" asked the girl.

"Sunday school!" the boy repeated, as though he had not heard aright.

"Yes. This is Easter Sunday. Didn't you know that all the children go to Sunday school and all the grownups go to church?"

The boy looked at the girl's clothes, then at his own. She was a picture of neatness, he a picture of poverty.

"I couldn't go to Sunday school looking this way, could I?" he said.

The girl looked doubtful. Then suddenly an idea seemed to come to her.

"If you did," she said, "they would all look at you as if they were afraid you'd touch them. Come with me, I'll show them that you're a friend of mine."

The boy demurred, and the girl insisted. She took him with her to Sunday school, but she could not get him forward among the other children. He took a back seat, where he was not noticed. But the girl sat beside him. There was an open window near them, and a draft was coming in on them. The boy shivered, and the girl took off her coat and put it over his shoulders.

During the exercises a collection was taken up. One of the boys passed the plate to where these two were sitting, but the girl made no move to put in a contribution. Of course her friend, the ragged boy, had nothing to give, but the boy who was taking up the collection wondered, for the girl was the daughter of the richest farmer thereabout and was a liberal giver.

That Mary Treusdall gave no Easter offering was indeed a surprise.

When the services were over Mary and her protegee went out together, and he insisted on hurrying away before the others could get a view of his dilapidated condition. When they came to a fork in the road and no one was near Mary took a five dollar bill from her pocket.

"This was to have been my Easter offering at Sunday school. But, you see, I couldn't give so much when you had nothing to give. It would have made you feel ashamed. So I thought I'd keep it for an Easter offering for you."

He drew back. There was that in him which had led him to appreciate her delicacy in avoiding hurting his feelings, and it was this same appreciation that led him to decline her gift. She understood at once.

"Take it as a loan," she said. "Some day a small amount like this will be nothing to you and you can repay me."

There was a hopeless look on the boy's face, a shamed look, as he permitted her to thrust the bill upon him. He said nothing, but his eyes spoke volumes. She took his hand in hers, pressed it, then turned to go to her home, he following her wistfully with his sad eyes.

This was the first kindness that he had received from a stranger, a kindness shown him by one near his own age. He stood, occasionally dropping his eyes to the bill in his hand, then raising them to the retreating figure of the girl who had given it to him. Then came a great change in him. He had received an incentive. It seemed to him that an angel had been sent from heaven to lift him out of the slough of despond. A resolution came to him to be worthy of the donor. With the encouragement he had received it seemed to him that he could move the world.

The sun rose on another Easter morning twelve years later and shone on the same location where Mary Treusdall took the ragged boy to Sunday school. Upon the hill was the Treusdall farmhouse, but it had lost its splendor and span appearance. The farmer had lost a succession of crops and had died with a mortgage on his farm. Mary was struggling along trying to save the property by raising vegetables and such other produce as she could raise without the investment of capital.

Easter came late that year, and the air was balmy and fragrant with opening buds. An automobile passed over a rise in the ground and, descending a declivity, stopped at the fork of the roads where Mary Treusdall had made her loan to the ragged boy. In the car was a young man. From the neatness of his dress one would not suspect he was that very ragged boy. He looked up at the Treusdall farmhouse and noted its dilapidated appearance. He turned his gaze to the church where Mary had taken him to Sunday school. It had been converted into a guild room, and a new church had been built beside it.

This transformed ragged boy drove his auto to a hotel in the village and registered himself as Martin Sanford.

New York. A distant bell told him that a service was about to take place in the church, and he strolled forth in that direction. Children were straggling into the guild room for Sunday school. Sanford saw a woman emerge from the Treusdall farmhouse and go toward the church. She entered it, and Sanford followed her in, taking a back seat. The woman went on to a dais and conducted the school. Something about her convinced Sanford that she was the girl who had made him an Easter loan. There was enough of the child left in her to denote this, and there was unmistakable evidence in her manner.

Sanford remained in his seat while the school was in session, and when a collector came to him for his Easter offering he folded a \$100 bill in a bit of paper, on which he wrote in pencil, "Principal and interest of an Easter offering that should have been made ten years ago."

The contributions were handed to Mary Treusdall, but what became of them Sanford did not know. He left the place with the children and strolled about near by till he saw Mary emerge. She was moving in the direction of her home on the hill when he joined her.

"Pardon me," he said; "I am a stranger here. Perhaps you can give me some information that I need."

She turned her eyes upon him. If he had had any doubt of her identity it was dispelled. There was the same kindly, honest look in them he had seen as a boy and which had contributed to change him from a ragged boy to a prosperous man.

"That farm," he continued, pointing to the hilltop—"why is it not prosperous? Is there anything the matter with the soil?"

"Nothing. My father, who formerly owned it, had a succession of bad years on account of the weather. He left the property to me encumbered, and it has since been all I could do to pay the interest on the mortgage."

"I am an investor in farm mortgages," said Sanford. "What interest do you pay?"

"Six per cent."

"Indeed, I find it difficult to loan at 5. How much is the mortgage?"

"Five thousand dollars, but there is also an accumulation of interest, which brings the total up to something like sixty-six hundred."

By this time they had reached the farm, and Sanford paused.

"Since you are a stranger here," said Mary, "I should be pleased to have you dine with us."

Sanford accepted the invitation. The family consisted of an aunt of Mary's and a younger sister, in whom the guest saw a duplicate of the girl who had befriended the ragged boy. After dinner he made an inspection of the farm, or pretended to inspect it, and when he returned to the house asked Mary if she could give him the amount of the principal and interest due on the mortgage. She did so, and he said to her:

"I will consider it a favor if you will allow me to add this to my other loans."

Mary was puzzled. She was not aware that the loan was especially desirable as an investment. However, since the stranger asked as a favor what would be an advantage to her she assented. As soon as she had done so Sanford whipped out a pocket checkbook and wrote her a check for the amount, telling her that the papers in the case could be executed the next day.

Sanford did not seem inclined to hurry away, and the afternoon was well spent before he made a move to depart. Then Mary said that, being a stranger in a strange land, he had better take tea with them, and this invitation, too, was accepted. During the evening he and Mary were sitting together before a little blaze on the hearth, for the nights were still cool, when she suddenly said to him:

"Did you put that hundred dollar bill in the Easter offering at Sunday school this morning?"

"I did."

"What did you mean by what you wrote on the wrapper?"

"Ten years ago today a little girl, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, met a ragged boy on the road, took him to Sunday school and afterward loaned him the amount she was to have given for an Easter offering. You are that farmer's daughter, and I am that ragged boy."

Mary's eyes were fixed on him for some time without speaking. She was trying to recall the incident. Presently she said:

"It is coming back to me."

"That Easter Sunday," he continued, "a revolution took place in me, and you were the cause of the change. I needed heartening, and you gave it. The heartening brought courage, the courage a resolution to take hold of the world and win. I am not a very rich man, but I have a plenty to return your loan with interest. The rest—the most valued part of what you did for me—I can never return."

Sanford did not stop at paying off the mortgage on the Treusdall farm. He put it in order, and it was eventually sold for all it was worth. But this consummation was not arrived at till he had married Mary Treusdall and taken her with him to New York, where prosperity for him has continued.

He claims that the great spur needed by many who have been knocked down in the world struggle is a kindly word and a helping hand. Through his wife he gives largely, but prefers to seek individual cases for his benefactions. While he approves of charitable societies and feels that the surest way to profitable giving is through them, he is willing to be deceived in four cases in five provided he can help the fifth.

His favorite anniversary is Easter.



"Sis was in an awful mess when she stepped in Baby Jim's mud pie on her way to a party. You know she can't stoop down when she's all dolled up, and her white shoes sure were muddy. But I hops in with my Chieftain bottle that Ma gave me an' fixed up her shoes in a jiffy. I didn't want her crying all over the place!"

CHUNKY CHEEFTEN

Chieftain SHOE DRESSINGS

Chieftain Pure White may be applied to your shoes while on your feet. It dries quickly—it cleans and stays white—it will not crack nor peel nor rub off. Try a package today from any dealer.

Big Handy Bottle With Brush—10c.

CHIEFTAIN MFG. COMPANY
CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Use Chieftain
Blakoff for
Ladies' Black
Shoes.

NORIS.